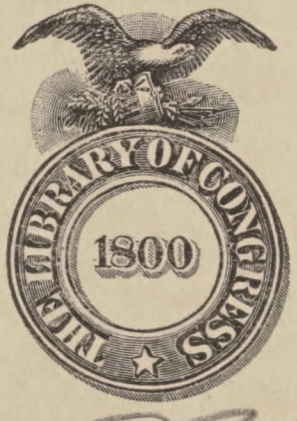
A MONKEY'S TAIL

AND OTHER POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

By Frederic Manley



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A MONKEY'S TAIL

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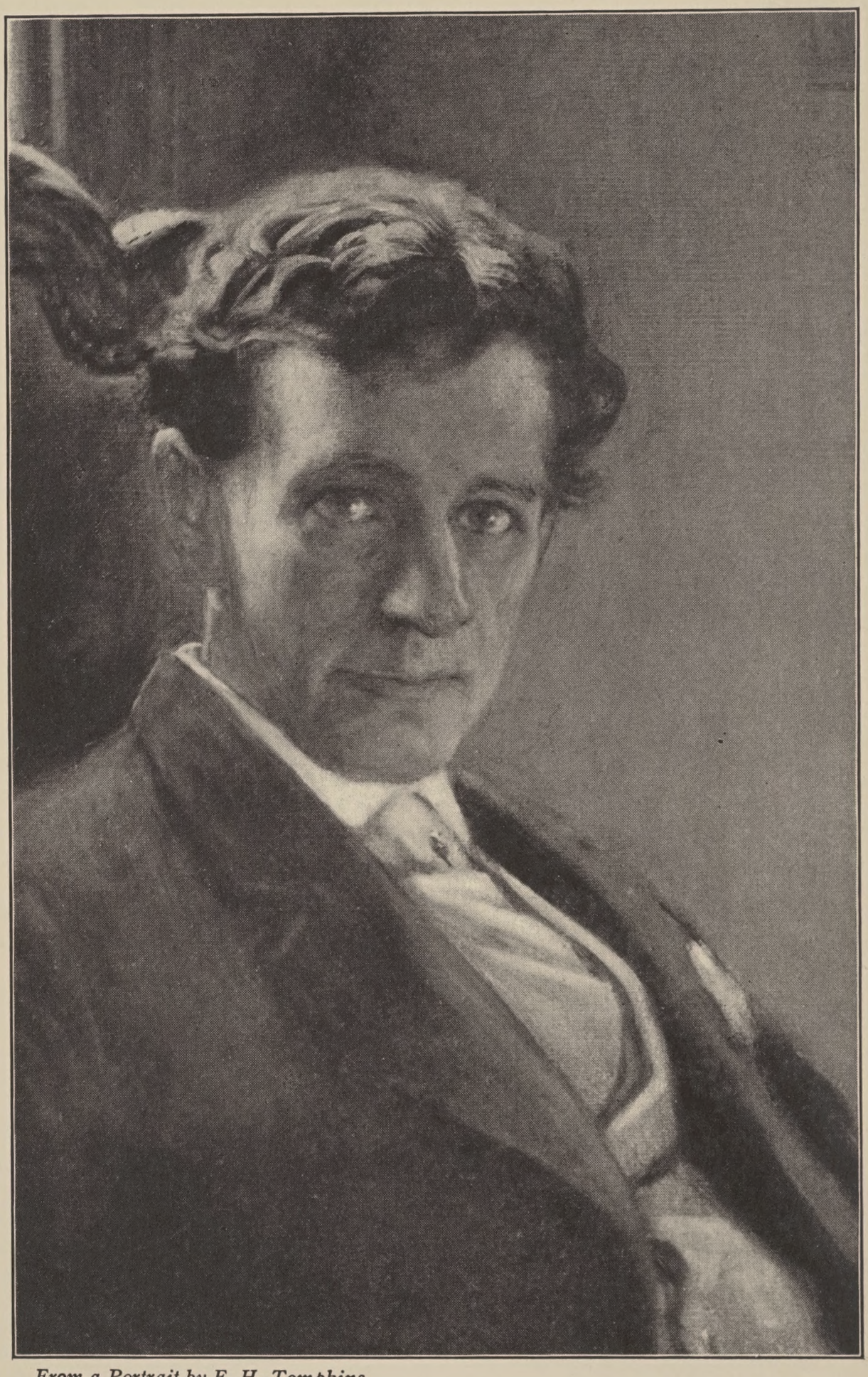

From a Portrait by F. H. Tompkins

Jessie Manley

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OTHER POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

BY

FREDERIC MANLEY

BOSTON
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1915

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To My Children
WILLIAM AND MARY

Those who knew the late Frederic Manley will rejoice that his poems, expressing such rare and tender sympathy with the thought and feeling of Childhood, have been collected and are now available.

A notable characteristic of these poems is their Americanism, for in them is the voice and imagery of the children of our own country, a revelation of deep insight and a keen sensitiveness to the subtle influence of the young; and we venture to say the author may justly be named among the most understanding of the poets of American Childhood.

THE PUBLISHERS

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BROWNIE'S REST

WHEN a tired little Brownie
Longs to go to rest,
Soon he finds a dainty, downy
Cosy pretty nest:

In a lily bell he lays him;
Then the wind of night
Sings a croony song and sways him
Till the east grows bright.

QUIET HOURS

THE night comes like a gray-winged hawk;
The day like a blue-bird flies away;
The fire is full of whispery talk
And golden winks and silver play.

The kettle sings one husky note;
The toads in their trees begin to peep;
My kitty cleans her glossy coat,
Then blinks and purrs herself to sleep.

"Hush, hush," the croony night-wind cries.
"Tock, seven o'clock," the old clock goes,
And then it's time for little eyes
Of birds and babes and flowers to close.

CHICADEE'S COURTSHIP

MY dear Miss Chicadee,
I'm very fond of you —
Won't you please marry me
When days are green and blue?
See! See! my home is made for two.

Dear little Chicadee,
Just peep inside my nest:
There you'll sleep cosily
On down from bunnie's breast,
Sleep, sleep, in green and fragrant nest.

Oh, darling Chicadee,
My life's been lone and sad —
Now I'll live merrily,
You've made my heart so glad —
Dear, dear, so sunny and so glad.

BILLY

BILLY had a little gun;
He took it out to shoot,
But when the bunnies saw him come
They all began to scoot.

"Bah, the cowards!" cried Bill, but then
Would Billy stand or run
If he was just all legs and saw
Himself chased with a gun?

CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING

CHILDREN'S hearts are singing
A joyful song —
Santy's sleigh is bringing
Their toys along.

Over hill and steeple
The sleigh-bells ring:
"Happy little people,"
They seem to sing:

"Here's a heap of treasures,
A world of joys;
Here's a load of pleasures
For girls and boys."

IN KHORASAN

THE little folk of Khorasan,
Of Khorasan beside the sea,
The deep salt sea of Caspian,
Are ever weaving busily —
Girl and boy and maid and man,
Beside the salt sea Caspian,
In Khorasan.

The sunlight slept in Khorasan,
In Khorasan beside the sea,
Before the new-born sun began
His journey through immensity —
Slept and kissed the first of man
Beside the deep blue Caspian,
In Khorasan.

The little folk of Khorasan
That weave to-day beside the sea
The colors of the Caspian,
Its cloud and sun wrought harmony,
Weave the joys the light began
Within the heart of early man
In Khorasan.

Oh, children live in Khorasan,
The home of sunlight, by the sea
More laughing blue than Caspian,
And woven dreams their moments be,
Dreams their primal sires began,
When innocence and life were one
In Khorasan.

OLE CLO'

"OLE clo' — ole clo' — ole clo' to sell!"
The scary old ragman goes ringing his bell,
And 'round and around as he hollers his cry
He looks and he peers with a questioning eye.

"Ole clo' — ole clo' — ole clo' — ole shoe!"
He's lanky and dark and all whiskery too:
In his cinnamon hat of a wonderful size
He looks like a magical man in disguise.

"Ole clo' — ole clo' — ole clo' to sell!"
"Who knows?" says my mother; "you never can tell;
Why, he might be 'round hunting a boy that he needs
To help him perform certain magical deeds!"

"Ole clo' — ole clo' — ole clo' — to-day!"
I used to be late for my supper, but say!
Since he *might* be a geni or something like that,
At dark I run home like a terrified cat.

SEA GULL

OH, to be a seagull in the big blue day!
To tack and sail and wheel in tireless flight;
To ride the rumbling seas of green,
To tumble in their spray,
And then to be a child again at night!

My, the cosy feelings that a child could know,
If all day long he played in sky and foam,
And then at dusk when the wind and sea
Moan lonesomely and low,
Fly straight to all the light and love of home.

SOMETIMES AT NIGHT

SOMETIMES at night, when I'm in bed,
There's lots of pictures in my head;
And some are sad, and some are bright,
And some would make a monkey laugh,
And some are full of life and light,
Just like a cinematograph.

There's mice as large as any dog,
In pictures made of pearly fog;
There's frogs as huge as crocodiles,
And hogs in shiney hats and shoes,
And pollywogs with woozy smiles,
And crickets big as kangaroos.

AT SCHOOL THE OTHER DAY

AT school the other day, a boy
Spoke out a piece about the bells,
Bells, Bells, Bells ——
Bells of fear and bells of joy,
Fire-bells, bells that laugh and cry,
And silver bells of the sleighing team;
But not one word 'mongst all those bells
Of a welcome bell that rings and tells,
Tells, tells, tells ——
On Summer nights of a certain team
And a man who rings the bell and yells,
Yells, yells, yells ——
"Ice-Cream—Ice-Cream—Ice-Cream!"

THE LITTLE MICE

THE little mice stay up all night
To play and scamper through the house,
Which sometimes makes me wish I might
Be changed into a little mouse.

I'd eat my fill of pie and cake;
I'd see some mousie's cosy den,
And just before my ma's awake
I'd change back to a child again.

I'd tell our pussy who I am,
And then of course she'd love the mice
And help us eat the cake and jam,
For my dear Kitty's *very* nice.

And Oh! some tiny mouse would be
A loving friend and come by day
To make a call and play with me
When everybody was away.

AN EVENSONG

MOTHER'S tender prairie bud,
Close your starry-bright eyes,
In the deep and lonesome wood,
Darkness lies.

I will be a twilight nook,
Thou wilt sleep in my breast;
I will be a quiet brook,
Breathing rest.

Sleep, my Brave, the forest sings
Drowsy songs to the night;
Sleep, my bud, till morning brings
Joy and light.

BABES AND FLOWERS

THE sun is abroad in the garden beds,
The wind and the dew are gently shaking
The sleeping-caps from the poppies' heads,
And the flowers are drowsily waking.

The flowers look up to the deep blue sky,
But babe sees a greater deep on waking
When light of love from a mother's eye
On his slumbers are tenderly breaking.

WHAT FOR

THE sun was made for birds and flow'rs,
The snow was made for sleds,
And twilight with its drowsy hours
Was made for sleepy heads;
The blessed rain was made for tales
In cosy little nooks,
And Winter nights with frosty gales
Was made for picture books.

IN DANGER

BUNNYKIN, bunnykin,
Where's your wee sonnykin?
Safe in his burrow or off in the woods?
Run quick and fetch him
Or Brownies will catch him
And turn him to overcoats, mittens and hoods.

WHEN BOBOLINK SINGS

WHEN Bobolink sings,
The trees on the hill
And the flow'rs of the plain
Wake to the joy he brings,
Wake with a thrill
To the riotous rain
Of his jubilant, jolly refrain —
To the pearl and golden bell he rings
As he wings
Past the echoing trees and the flow'rs of the plain.

THE HUMMING-BIRD

THE humming-bird that flashes by
Like jeweled lights of morning's sky
Is singing as he goes,
"Humm, hum, hum, hum, —
How good are all the sweets that lie
In every garden flower that blows,
And in the petals of the rose!
Humm, hum, hum, hum, —
What a lucky bird am I!"

THE ORIOLES' NEST

SWINGING, swinging, weaving and swinging
Thro' the green world of the elm's leafy crest:
Singing, singing, working and singing,
Mother bird weaves all the day at her nest.

Swinging, swinging, out in the sunshine,
Father bird's heart to his little mate sings:
Swinging, swinging, under the starshine,
Four wee eggs lie beneath mother's wings.

Swinging, swinging, mother is singing,
Calling her mate to their leaf-hidden nest;
Swinging, swinging, peeping and swinging,
Fuzzy wee babes cuddle close to her breast.

A RESOLVE

WHEN I am big enough to take
The raisins from the pantry shelf,
I'll buy a lot of things and make
A busy blacksmith of myself.

And then I'll make the horses' shoes
Like mine, of leather soft and neat,
Because I'm sure the ones they use
Must hurt the horses' tender feet.

COME, YE PAINTED WARRIORS

COME, ye painted warriors, come
With blanket, rug and shawl!
Dance your war-cry, pound the drum
And sound your fighting call!
Hi-ya, yi-yi! Hi-ya, hi-yi,
Dashing down the hall, hi-ya, etc.

Here comes Big Chief Feather Duster,
Ho! Ho! How! How! How!
Let the Sioux and Blackfeet muster,
We can beat them now.
With our faces daubed so scary
Hi-yi, etc.
We will drive them 'cross the prairie,
Hi-ya, How! How! How!

Then we'll hunt for Johnny Bears
And capture them with ease,
Marching straight again upstairs
To feast in our tepees,
Hi-hi-hi! with songs and drums
We'll dance and feast and play,
Hi-hi-hi! till mother comes
And takes her things away.

IN MAY

JOY in the wildwood,
Joy on the sea!
Music and gladness,
In every tree;
South winds and sunshine,
Swallows at play —
Oh, the light and joy of life
When it is May!

Joy in the night-time
Under the moon —
Bull-frogs k'plunking
On their bassoon;
Chorus of hylas
Telling their joys,
Tree-toads whistling everywhere
Like happy boys.

Maytime's the gay time
  Of all the year;
Winter is over,
  Playtime is near —
Summer's before us,
  Golden and green —
Don't you think of all the year
  Maytime's the Queen?

AMBITIONS

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S a patriot, he made a holiday,
And mother says a boy should be like him in ev'ry way;
Then p'raps they'd make him President, so folks could shake his hand
And set him in the White House for to manage all the land.

I hope they won't select *me* for the White House when I'm grown;
There's something else I'd rather do than sit upon a throne —
I'd rather run a train than rule the whole geography,
An engineer's the only thing I ever want to be.

But if I *should* be President and go to Washington,
I know the very first thing I shall order to be done —
I'll have them build an engine and I'll run her all the year,
And ring the bell and toot the horn and be an engineer!

He sits up in a cosy cab, he rings a golden bell,
And ev'ry little while he makes the horn let out a yell, —
He does just what he likes to do with all the shining gear,
And so when I'm a man I'm going to be an engineer.

He sees more sights than anyone; he whizzes ev'rywhere,
And when he finds a pretty place, I guess he stops her there:
He thunders under mountains and he scoots along the sea —
I tell you what — an engineer's the only thing to be!

AN EVENING SONG

COME, dear children, playtime's over,
Rest beside me all night long;
Creep beneath our downy cover,
While I sing a soothing song —
Now the last dear sunbeam fairy
Goes to dance on Chinese walls —
Here comes darkness black and scary
Thro' the lonesome creaky halls.

Johnny Bear and Father Teddy,
Mother Bruin, soft and brown,
Come, your cosy bed is ready —
Say your prayers then snuggle down.
Say yours too, my dollies dearie,
Then we'll sleep and wake again
When our golden sunbeam fairy
Dances thro' the window pane.

ME LITTLE CHINEE BOY

ME little Chinee boy, my name's Billy Tong,
Help father washee sclubee clothes light along,
Sclub, sclubee, sclub till the day all die,
Then Billy Tong go away and cly.
Me have Amel'can fliend, he play with-a me —
Some boys say, "Shame yourself to go with Chinee;"
Him say, "Boys, don't you mind Chink's hide,
He's my pal and he's white inside."
Father sing "No more sclubby, home pretty soon" —
Mother smiles allee samee blight like the moon —
They no see Billy Tong go cly,
'Cause he must leave little pal bym-by.

BANANOES!

WHEN Winter is gone and all the boys
Get out their bats and things,
The air is filled with pleasant noise
Of songs and busy wings,
But over all, the pedlar's voice
Rings clearest as he goes
A-calling up and down the streets,
"Ba-nan-Ban-nan-nan-oes!"

Oh, whether the day is dark or bright,
He's always seen to smile
As if his heart was filled with light
From some gay tropic isle,
As if the palms and cockatoos
Were 'round him as he goes
A-calling up and down the streets,
"Ba-nan-nan-nan-nan-oes!"

Oh, wouldn't you like to be as free,
And happy all the day,
And have the children dance to see
Your pushcart on its way?
And don't you wish the world would smile
Just like him as he goes
A-calling up and down the streets,
"Ba-nan-nan-nan-nan-oes!"

SANTY, HEAR MY PRAYER

SANTY, hear my prayer, dear:
When you come around,
Bring my little dolls, dear,
Each a new gown.

Pussy is their brother;
Bring her please a ball —
Hear a thoughtful mother
Praying for all.

COCK–A–DOODLE–DOO!

COCK–A–DOODLE–DOO!
The rooster's telling you:
"Get up," he says, "wee sleepy head,
With eyes as bright as clover dew
And singing as the birdies do —
It's time to leave your cosy bed
When I begin to sing for you,
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Cock-a-doodle, Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

A LITTLE GIRL WENT OUT ONE DAY

A LITTLE girl went out one day,
Her dollies toddled after,
And when they all began to play
The air was sweet with laughter.

She led them through a pleasant wood;
They danced and romped about her,
But when she went to find them food
They all walked off without her.

She sought her children high and low,
In shady nook and sunny,
And then she met a wise old crow
Who said, "They're with Miss Bunny."

A kindly cricket hopped before
To shew her Bunny's dwelling,
And when they came beside the door
She heard a joyful yelling.

Quite soon she learned the reason why —
For there was Bunny treating
Her dollies to a clover pie,
Which everyone was eating.

She stared so long in her surprise
And grew so tired with peeping,
That by and by she closed her eyes
And very soon was sleeping.

Then came a Brownie shaking her,
Which turned into her brother;
And then a fairy waking her
That turned into her mother.

The Bunny's nest was just her bed,
With mother bending over —
But Oh! her dollies' mouths were red,
As if they'd all had clover!

MOTHER HEDGEHOG

WHAT can mother hedgehog do
When her babes need punishing?
She has neither strap nor shoe
Nor a switch nor anything —
And it would be very silly
Using paws on babes so quilly —
Quills that prick and sting.

P'raps they're gentle, kind and good,
Doing just exactly what
Little people always should,
Whether they have quills or not —
P'raps inside their ugly bristles
They are sweet like hearts of thistles,
Every quilly little tot.

MY FATHER KEEPS A GROC'RY STORE

MY father keeps a groc'ry store away down town:
I wish he'd stop and buy a bear and be a circus clown,
For then we'd see him ev'ry day and laugh at all his fun,
And make the bear play soldier with a broom-stick for a gun.

He'd never look all tired and sad, but grin and dance
And stand upon his head and make old Bruin march and prance:
He'd tumble in the parlor and fall over chairs and screens,
And every night I'd see him act, and go behind the scenes.

MY KITE

HIGH and higher sails my kite
Till it's almost out of sight;

Thro' the blue and breezy day
Like a bird it flies away,

Bound for pleasant lands that lie
'Way off in the sunset sky.

There it sees the whole green world
With the oceans 'round it curled,

Polar bears and Esquimaux,
Lands where dates and monkeys grow,

Kings and knights in royal halls,
Coral isles and Cannibals,

Cross-legged gods that squat and smile
On the mud flats of the Nile,

Pirates hiding chests of gold,
Brigands fierce and smugglers bold,

Indian boys in bark canoes,
Dutchmen wearing wooden shoes,

Coolies, camels, elephants,
Turkish girls in baggy pants,

Highland boys in petticoats,
Breton lads in sardine boats,

Zulus wearing just their skin,
With a high hat and a grin,

Hottentots and Burmese Bohs
Chinese girls with crumpled toes.

I'D LIKE TO BE A DIVER

I'D like to be a diver,
A diver, a diver!
I'd like to see the oysters make their beds and go to sleep:
I'd like to be a diver,
A diver, a diver!
Among the funny fishes at the bottom of the deep.

I'd love to be a diver,
A diver, a diver,
To see the sunken treasures in the pirate ships of old;
And if I was a diver,
A diver, a diver,
I'd fill my darling mother's lap with heaps of pearls and gold.

SCISSORS TO GRINE!

"SCISSORS to grine, scissors to grine!"
Winter and summer time, rainy or fine,
'Round goes the man with his bell and his wheel,
'Round goes the wheel with a snarl or a whine.
Bizz! with a whine as it sharpens the steel:
"Scizz-izz-izz-scizz-izz-izz-scissors to grine!"

"Scissors to grine! Scissors and knives!"
Buzz! like the swarming of bees from their hives —
Sizz! like the spray-drops aflame in the sun —
Bizz! how the sparks fly as if for their lives!
Buzz! goes the wheel till the scissors are done:
"Scizz-izz-izz-scizz-izz-izz-scissors or knives."

A RUDE PERSON

"IF you'll walk this way," said the friendly duck
To the dainty hen as he waddled on,
"I will show you a place where the grubs, they say,
Are the finest you've ever laid beak upon,
If you'll walk, — quack, quack, — please walk this way."

"If I walked that way," said the rude young hen
As she perked her head at the waddling duck,
"I would run to the barn and I'd hide in the hay
From the light of the day, you insulting duck,
If I walked, — cluck, cluck, — that wad'ling way!"

THE OX

THE ox is very strong and good,
He likes to work and eat;
He does not care for fancy food,
But finds the grass a treat.

He has two blue and patient eyes,
And seems to think a lot;
His tail is trained to shoo the flies
Away when it is hot.

He cannot read; he never plays,
Nor does he care for toys:
An ox's calm and patient ways
Are not the ways of boys.

THE FACT'RY MITES

MY sis and me, we're fact'ry mites;
When other kids are tucked away,
We're wide awake, 'cause we work nights,
And sleep when other children play.

Sometimes we get dog tired, but gee!
You dassent nod nor close an eye,
Or else the big machinery
Would catch you sure, and then — "Good-by!"

"But Lor'!" says Sis, "the sleepy hum
Of all those whirring, dizzy looms
Can just 'bout *make* the sandman come
With dreams of bees and clover blooms."

And that's the time we love, for then
The long way home's all full of light.
But Winter-time there's scary men
And spooky things, and cold and night.

But when our Ma gets well, and Pa
Is found where he is lost at sea,
We'll be like other children are,
And play all day, my sis and me.

VOICES

WHO are the children that frolic and sing
In the woods, away in the woods?
Low, low, tenderly low
The softly-breath'd melodies rise and flow
In haunts of the starry anemones,
Silvery clear, serenely slow
Thro' the peace of the dawns and the stars of the Spring,
Thro' the golden hush of the noons of Spring,
In the woods, the rejoicing woods.

Where do they hide when I follow their song
Thro' the woods, away in the woods?
Soft, soft, softly I go

By still, mossy places the veeries know
And flow'rs like wee nuns in their lily-white hoods.
Gently I go on a tip-a-toe,
Yet there's never a child and there's no sweet song
But the brook's low song as it flows along
Thro' the woods, the rejoicing woods.

JOHNNY BRUIN GAVE A PARTY

JOHNNY BRUIN gave a party,
All his friends were there —
Fatty Woodchuck, Spiny Porkie,
Little Chipmunk, Benny Bunnie,
Squirrel Friskin, cute and funny —
Oh! and lots and lots of other friends of Johnny Bear.

All the guests were feeling hearty,
Full of woodland fun,
And they cheered for Johnny, crying:
"Who's all right?" and then replying
"Johnny Bruin — he's a winner!"
"Thanks," said Johnny — "Now for dinner," shouted ev'ry one.

"Such a feast!" cried happy Johnny;
"Berries, nuts and bread,
Fat red ants and fresh wild honey, —
Eat, my friends!" said little Johnny.
But alas! instead of cheering,
Some were frowning, some were sneering,
Others growled and scolded until Johnny's ears were red.

"Cheat!" they yelled — "Is *that* your dinner?
Where's the things *we* wish?
Where's the mice and seeds and lettuce?
Where's the food we thought you'd get us?"
Then they left, and little Johnny
Ate up all the ants and honey,
Wond'ring at his foolish friends for leaving such a dish.

WHAT HAPPY TIME A DOGGIE KNOWS!

WHAT happy time a doggie knows!
How free and full of play!
He gets up when he likes and goes
To bed the same, and simply grows,
Instead of putting on, his clothes;
And ev'ry free and happy day
That dawns for him is Saturday!

But one poor dog comes down our way
Whose life's a diff'rent kind —
He never knows an hour of play,
He never has a holiday,
Because, you see, he has to stay
Close by his master's side to mind
The poor old man, 'cause he is blind.

When other dogs ask him to run
And play with him, he tries
To show he cannot share their fun
Because the blind and helpless one
Has not a friend beneath the sun
But one brave doggie, true and wise,
To love him and to be his eyes.

YOUNG PUSS WENT A-WALKING

YOUNG puss went a-walking
One bright Summer day;
She met a wee mousie,
Who ran right away.
"Please stop, little mousie,
And frolic with me"—
"No, thank you," said mousie,
"I'm late for my tea."

THE TROUT

OVER the pebbles and in the green nooks,
Thro' the cool mosses of wind-dimpled brooks,
Free as the ripples that play in and out, —
What a fine life is the life of a trout!

No one to send him to bed with the sun,
No one to tell him when playtime is done,
No one to scold him for staying out late, —
Oh, but the life of a trout must be great!

Still, in the Winter how cold it must be:
He has no ulster nor mittens like me,
Nor any Thanksgiving turkey in Fall, —
It isn't so bad to be me after all!

MAY

VIOLETS and columbine, daisies on the way,
Bluebirds calling, sunlight falling warmer ev'ry day;
Orchards white with blossoms and the willow full of bees,
Swallows just arriving from their journey over-seas.

Hermits in the twilight pine, veeries in the dawn,
Robins fluting mellow tunes and dancing on the lawn;
Roses in the cheeks of happy children at their play,
Oh, the joy of living in the pleasant month of May!

THE FIREBELLS

WHEN the street cars stop,
And the people shout,
And the firebells klang and kling:
Oh, that's the time I'm up and out
Like the flash of a swallow's wing,
For I can't sit still
When hoarse and strong
The whistles shriek and sing;
When the hose and ladder comes along
And the horses leap
And the bells all ring
With a kling and a klang and a kling.

A STORY

THERE was a little toad
And he lived beside the road
In a log;
And when the light was gray
He would hop away to play
With a frog, —
With a frog whose dwelling lay
Fifty hops or more away
In a bog.

Hippity, hippity, hop, hop, hop,
Till the owl came out to hoot and prey,
Then the toad and the frog with never a stop
Went home with a hippity, hop, hop, hop.

There was a little bush
Where the owl sat in the hush
Of the wood;
And he said, "To-night," said he,

"I will have them both for tea
As I should,
For a toad is sweet as mice
And a froggie's legs are nice —
Very good!"

Hippity, hippity, hop, hop, hop,
But a chipmunk heard the great owl's plan,
And as straight to the bog of the frog he ran
With many a skippity, hop, hop, hop.

There was a hungry owl
And he wore an awful scowl,
And he swore;
For neither toad nor frog
Could he find around the bog
Any more:
They had both gone far away
To a safer place to play
Up the shore.

Hippity, hippity, hop, hop, hop,
Oh, the owl may hunt but never know
The snug little cave where the playmates go
With a hippity, hippity, hop, hop, hop.

BUNNIE'S DANCING PARTY

WHEN forest ways lie deep
In the white peace of the snow;
When nature seems asleep
In the full moon's pearly glow,
With footfalls light as a bee's
On the honey buds of May,
The bunnies flit among the trees
And dance the night away.

Pit-pat-pit, pitter-patter-pit,
All the dainty dancers go;
Pit-pat-pit, pitter-patter-pit,
So they flit across the snow.
They skip and hop and run,
Till the first grey light of day,
Then ev'ry happy little Bun
Like a moonbeam drifts away.

HUM, HUM, HUM

HUM, hum, hum, hum, —
Pretty mother humming-bird —
Hum, hum, hum, hum —
All your little ones have heard,
And they're crying, "Come, Oh, come!"
Hum, hum, hum, hum, —
Darling mother humming-bird —
Hum, hum, hum!

"Um, um, um, um,"
So your happy babies say —
"Um, um, um, um, —
We'll have honey right away!
Mother dear is bringing some —
Um, um, um, um, —
Thank you mother humming-bird —
Um, um, um!"

THE LAMBKIN

BABY LAMBKIN, go to rest,
Safe in your cosy fold;
Run to mother's wooly breast,
Run from the dark and cold.
The thrush is singing his last good-night,
The cottage window is red with light,
The owl is awake, for his day's begun —
Run, little lambkin, run.

Baby lamb, the pines have grown
Black as a twilight crow;
Stay no longer here alone,
Go, little lambkin, go!
The scary shadows are creeping 'round;
The night wind's voice has a lonesome sound,
Your mother is calling her little one —
Run to her, lambkin, run.

I'D LIKE TO BE A SERAWOOLIE

I'D like to be a Serawoolie baby,
Or else a little child in Timbuctoo,
For where can children be more glad than they be,
Or live in little houses of bamboo?
They ride around on ostriches and donkeys,
They sometimes have a zebra or giraffe,
And they can see the wise old wizard monkeys
Whose capers make the wild hyenas laugh.

They live on dates and yams as sweet as candy,
And munch delicious sugar-cane all day;
The cocoanuts are always hanging handy,
They're always eating 'cepting when they play.
A real menagerie is always straying
And squdging 'round 'em in the jungle cooze —
They see the pools where elephants are swaying
And squirting mud at squawking cockatoos.

A WELCOME VISITOR

WHEN all the world is sad and old,
When all the days are short and cold,
When all the flowers are dead and brown
And faded like a beggar's gown —
Of then's the time we long the most
For busy little Jackie Frost,
Quiet little, welcome little, jolly little Jack Frost.

He makes a slide for every sled;
He puts the little seeds to bed;
The naked trees he clothes with gems
And crowns the grass with diadems;
And thro' the world all sad and bare
He scatters beauty everywhere —
Busy little, kindly little, jolly little Jack Frost.

Jack Frost is kind to everything,
He makes the scarecrow seem a king,
And tho' he nips our nose and ears
And then makes jewels of our tears,
Just think how many, many joys
He brings to little girls and boys,
Jackie, Jackie, welcome Jackie, jolly Jack Frost.

THANKSGIVING MORNING

RING, ting, what a merry song!
Kling, kling, what a happy day!
Kling, klong, ling-a-ling-a-long —
Children singing in the sleigh.

Sing, sing, rosy little boys,
Ring, ring, silver little chime,
Kling, kling, what a pretty noise,
Girlies laughing all the time.

Kling, kling, apples in the pie;
Sing, sing, Turkey's getting brown;
That's the reason why
Sleighbells jangle up and down.

THE FATHER SUN

THE Father Sun shines all the day,
The Lady Moon at night,
She watches me while I'm at play
With all her pretty light.

BUMBLE BEES

THRO' the willow's downy bloom,
Thro' the cherry trees,
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom —
Boom the bumble bees.
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom —
What a busy throng!
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
Like a far-heard deep-sea boom,
Sounds the murmur of their song,
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
All the Summer long.

Children too would sing like these
Comrades of the flowers —
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
If the lily's heart were ours.
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
In the Maytime's joyful hours,
After Winter's songless gloom,
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
In a golden world of flowers.

WIEGENLIED

LITTLE baby, good-night;
Ev'ry blossom so bright
Now is going to sleep
In the moon's peaceful light.
Close your own weary eyes
In the cool fragrant dark,
Till the flow'rs all arise
With the song of the lark.

Go to sleep, baby dear,
For the night now is here
With her sweet gift of sleep
For each tired little dear.
Thou wilt fly on her breast
To the Kingdom of dreams
And return to thy nest
When the bright morning gleams.

WITH STARRY BANNERS STREAMING

WITH starry banners streaming,
We march away;
Our swords and guns are gleaming,
Our trumpets play —
Oh, we're marching on to glory,
Hoorah! Hoorah!
We're marching thro' the sunny day
Like heroes in a story,
Hoorah! Hoorah!
We're marching on to glory.

We'll march thro' hay and clover
To meet our foe,
And when the battle's over
Then back we'll go.
Oh, we'll march with trumpets blaring,
Hoorah! Hoorah!

With children cheering on our way
And cows and people staring —
Hoorah! Hoorah!
We'll march thro' lanes and meadows
Till evening falls,
Run home thro' the shadows
When mother calls.

CHILDREN OF MAY

DANCING, glowing, nodding in the sun,
Cheering ev'ry way;
Glancing, glowing, laughing as they run,
Come the flow'rs of May.

Golden, crimson, violet and white,
Everywhere they rise,
Making hill and meadow land as bright
As the sunset skies.

OH, HUSH!

OH, hush, hush, hush!
My baby's taking a nap;
You'll surely waken the child with your tap-tap-tap.
Why don't you rap at the door of Miss Chicaree,
For she has no little baby asleep like me?

I'll give you nuts
With worms and many a grub,
If you'll fly off with your rubbady-dub-dub-dub,
I'll show you birches all dripping with sweetest sap,
If you'll just fly right away with your tap-tap-tap.

A POSITIVE FACT

ALL good children, you will find,
Treat poor wasps and hornets kind;

Never break their woodland rest,
Never take their pretty nest;

Never step into their home
When about the fields they roam;

Never bruise the hornet's wings,
Break their rest or steal their stings;

And if one should take a chair,
They'll politely leave him there,

Never rudely sitting down
'Til the little fellow's flown;

Buzzing over hill and sward —
"Kindness is its own reward."

All good children, you will find,
Treat poor wasps and hornets kind.

A MONKEY'S TAIL

A MONKEY'S tail's a handy thing,
It holds him onto trees
And makes it easy for to swing
Most anywhere you please;
And Oh! it must be lots of fun
To hang down at your ease
And dangle from the branches in a gentle jungle breeze.

Swinging in the jungles
Where the tigers grow,
Watching bears and panthers prowling 'round below —
Eating nuts and paw-paws while you play and swing,
Oh! I think a monkey's tail's a very handy thing.

They say that once upon a time
Just when the world was new,
The little children used to climb
The same as monkeys do.
They played at circus ev'ry day
Among the tallest trees,
And used their tails for dangling in the gentle jungle breeze.

Swinging in the palm-tree,
Swinging in the sun —
Throwing nuts at tigers, having lots of fun;
Ev'ry tree a playground, ev'ry branch a swing —
Don't you think a monkey's tail would be a handy thing?

A TIGER MET A PORCUPINE

A TIGER met a porcupine and said, "Here's
where I dine!
For Oh! my fat and fine young piggie porc for
you I pine."
"You're welcome," said the porcupine; "please
have some quills with me,"
And flicked his tail and filled the tiger's mouth
obligingly.

This hurt the tiger's feelings, so he whisked aside
and whined,
"You might have kept these toothpicks until
after I had dined."
"Aha! I'm the porc you pine for!" cried the
porcupine;
"But if to dine on pork you pine the pork will
not be mine."

THE MOTHER BEAVER'S TAIL

THE mother beaver's tail is flat,
It's also broad and strong —
Her children by remembering that
Are kept from doing wrong.

THE AIRSHIP

OVER the sunflow'r tops and garden rows
And lawns and hedges winging,
Light as the fuzzy seeds the west wind blows
When nights are growing long.
Soaring toward the clouds our airship goes,
Then down again we're swinging,
Fearless and brave because our Captain knows
The orchard boughs are strong.

Sometimes to take a daring passenger
We rest above the clover,
Then once again we're mounting thro' the air
Like swallows on the wing.
Many a game I know and lots of play
For boys the wide world over;
Oh, but it's best to go on a Summer day
A-sailing in a swing.

DOLPHIN LULLABY

O'ER the white foam of the wild singing sea,
All the long day thou hast played merrily;
Now daylight fades, and the arms of the deep
Wait, baby Dolphin, to rock thee to sleep.

White sails that fade in the gold of the west
Homeward are bearing the sailors to rest,
And the wild gull flashes over the foam
To the wee birds that await her at home.

Nursling of ocean, the deep is thy bed,
Soft are the waters that pillow thy head,
Sweet is the voice of the winds on the sea,
Soothe thee, my babe, to the waves' lullaby.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRIVE?

HOW would you like to drive a great big scary
motor car,
And just go whizzing thro' the town and scoot-
ing near and far?
With trees and houses dancing and the roads all
flowing by,
And the horn a honk-a-honking like a wild
goose in the sky!

Honk! Honk! Honk! and Toot-a-too-a-too!
I'd like to drive a big red automobile, wouldn't
you?

My! wouldn't I like to drive around the world
and never stop
Until we came into the land where Santy keeps
his shop,

It might be just at Christmas, and if we'd been
careful boys,
He'd send us home a-honking with a motor full
of toys.

Honk! Honk! Honk! and Toot-a-too-a-too!
Oh! I'd love to drive a big red automobile,
wouldn't you?

UP IN FRONT OF GRANNIE'S BARN

UP in front of grannie's barn
Near the cherry trees —
"Zum!" "Zum!" boom the bumble bees.
"Zum!" "Zum!" This is all their song,
"Zum!" What a busy throng!
And wouldn't you be busy too as the zumming
bumble bees,
If the blooming orchard trees
Gave you honey all day long?

SANTY WORKS THE LONG YEAR THRO'

SANTY works the long year thro',
Making toys for me and you —
Klang-kling, Kling-klang,
Klang-a-ling-a-kling-kling,
Night and day his workshops ring.

Tiny Brownies work for him
In the Northland cold and dim —
Klang-kling, Kling-klang,
Klang-a-ling-a-kling-klong,
Working to their anvil's song.

Then when Christmas Eve is here,
Brownies bring their Master's deer —
Kling-klong, Klong-kling,
Tong-a-long-a-ling-klong,
Santy's silver sleigh bells sing.

IT'S STRANGE

IT'S strange that on a sunny day,
When I so want to run and play,
That us'lly on my way to school
I always fall into a pool.

And then I run home in a scare,
But mother she says, "Don't you care —
Just change your wet things right away,
And then go out and run and play."

A LUCKY MOTHER

MOST forest mothers when they roam
Must leave their fuzzy babes at home,
And if they had a house they'd surely
lock it.
But the mother Kangaroo
Has no worrying to do,
For she takes her baby with her in her
pocket.

HEY, BOY!

HEY, Boy! Say, Boy! don't you hear the day
Calling you in ev'ry breeze to tumble out and play,—
Calling you to hurry, hurry out beneath the blue
Just to see the joyous friends a-waiting there for you?

Oh, Boy! Hark, Boy! there's the sparrow's song!
He don't start the precious day complaining things are wrong;
Gold or gray, he sings his love of life in ev'ry dawn
Same as to a bran-new perfect world just getting born!

Look, Boy! See, Boy! how the breezes pass,
Dancing with the meadow-flow'rs and laughing
in the grass!
Hear the waters singing little silver songs of glee,
Racing down the pleasant hills to join the
mother sea.

Stay, Boy! Wait, Boy! don't get out of bed
'Less the night has left a little starlight in your
head,
'Less you *know* you're fit to face those friends
beneath the blue,
Till you're sure the sparrow's not a better
man than you!

FIREFLIES

THEY must be fairy beacon lights
That show the way on darkest nights
To little wandering tribes that pass
Down in the dim world of the grass.

COME, LITTLE CHILDREN

COME, little children, it's time to rise and play
Out in the winds of the golden summer day,
All among the daisies and the pleasant hills of hay.

Mousie has long since washed his face in dew,
Tidied his house, combed his whiskers too;
Now he's frisking with his brother, playing peek-a-boo!

THE OWL

AWAKE, my dear, the woods are still
And stars are shining thro',
Our breakfast waits on yonder hill —
"Too-whit, Too-whit, Too-whoo!"

How sweet it is to wake, my dear,
In darkness bright and blue
To find the world all hush'd to hear
Our sweet "Too-whit, Too-whoo!"

PEACE

THE mountains are as windless clouds,
The willow's lightest leaf is still,
The day is lost in bloomy crowds
Of shadows on the farthest hill.

For once the seldom-resting troops
Of poplars cease their sprightly dance;
O'er tranquil pools the iris droops
To meet her own sweet azure glance.

Was that the touch of questing bees
Or vagrant wind moved yonder rose?
Or was nature's sigh of ease
Her fragrant breath of sweet repose?

THE HAPPY JAP

THERE was a little chappy
Who was always very happy,
And he lived far away in Japan.
And this merry little Jappy
Used to say we'd all be happy
If we'd only give our best to every man;
If instead of feeling snappy
When Hard Luck goes rappy-tappy,
We would imitate the sugar-maple's plan,
Which always answers to the tappy
Tap of blows in sappy
Maple sweetness 'til it's given all it can —
Which is just what this wee chappy
Who made everybody happy
Used to do among the roses of Japan.

Now each Julie and each chappy
Singing here can be like Jappy
There if they will only think about his plan —
If they'll keep Life's sappy
Joyous feeling fresh and happy
And be sweetest when they meet a snappy
man.

A PRAYER

AT starlight time I say a prayer
For babes out in the dark and cold,
Ev'ry wee child
Out in the wild
Far from his nest and his mother's care.

"O Lord, send angels from above
To lead the lamb back to his fold,
Ev'ry wee child
Out in the wild
Back to the joy of his mother's love."

WHO IS THAT NAUGHTY BOY?

WHO is that naughty boy nam'd Bill?
And what does poor Will do
To keep you calling "Whip-poor-will"
Till ev'ry bird on ev'ry hill
Must wish someone would answer you,
And *Whip* and *Whip* and *Whip* your Will,
So you'd be still,
Old Tattle-Bill,
And change your tiresome subject too?

WHO ARE THEY?

THEY TRIP ACROSS THE HILLS OF JUNE

THEY trip across the hills of June,
In ev'ry field their armies rise
To light the earth with golden eyes
And petals whiter than the moon.

I PASS EACH JOYFUL SUMMER DAY

I PASS each joyful Summer day
Among my friends the Flowers,
And every night I bear away
Their gifts for Winter hours.

WE COME FROM HEAVEN

WE come from heaven all thro' the night,
A million billion fairies bright;
We visit earth till morning when
We rise unseen to heav'n again.

WE BUILD JUST LIKE THE JAPANESE

WE build just like the Japanese
A paper house among the trees
Or in the meadow grass —
And like the Chinese lads we sing
One tune upon a single string
Wherever we may pass —
"Zing, zing," we sing,
"Zung-zing, zung-zing,
Zinn-ng!"

NATURE'S SINGER — WHO?

MINE is the voice of April woods,
The glad voice of the earth,
The soul of the verdant solitudes,
The mountain's laughter, and the mirth
Of all the clouds that give me birth.

THE LITTLE WINDOWS

I KNOW two tiny windows in a house that's large and strong,
Thro' which the wide world far and near is seen the whole day long;
Some fairy artist works in them and paints the scenes, I'm sure,
The mighty sun and little flow'rs around the cottage door.

I know two little shades as soft as petals of the rose,
That fall like mother's tender pray'rs when day comes to a close;
And sometimes, in the sleepiest tones, the little artist then
Paints wondrous dreams of gnome and fay in moonlight dappled glen
Where fairy people romp and play till daylight comes again.

THE GOOD FAIRIES

WHEN the children all are dreaming,
And the grown-ups are indoor,
'Cross the fields there come a-streaming
Fairy workmen by the score —
More than we could count, I'm sure.

No use staying up to see them,
Tho' the night be fair and bright;
They're so small you could not see them,
Tho' you had the strongest sight,
By the noon-day's piercing light.

But at dawning you'll find traces
Of their magic everywhere,
Fields all gay with dainty laces,
Ferns which show like jewelled hair,
Flow'rs that pearls of dew-drops wear.

THE HAPPY ESKIMO

THE happy little Eskimo,
He rides upon a sled;
His dogs outstrip the winds that blow
Across the gleaming ice and snow,
Beneath the Northern Lights that show
Like silver overhead.

My sled is idle in the hall;
The ground is bare of snow;
The night comes early in the Fall,
And when I hear my mother call,
I have to say good-night to all,
And to my bedroom go.

Jack Frost is with him all the year,
And makes him lots of snow,
And icy hillsides smooth and clear,
To coast and slide on without fear —
Oh, how I wish Jack Frost were here,
And me an Eskimo!

SING A SONG OF WORKSHOPS

SING a song of workshops!
Busy men and things;
Blacksmiths at the forges
Where the anvil rings.

Ploughmen in the meadows,
Furrowing the soil;
Nature and her showers
Blessing all their toil.

Tailors on their benches;
Students in their rooms;
Children at their lessons;
Weavers at their looms.

Sing a song of workshops!
Busy men and boys; —
Santy in the Northland
Making Christmas toys.

LITTLE PILGRIMS

WHEN the farms with fruits and clover
Ev'rywhere are scented sweet,
Little ships come sailing over
Field and wood and village street, —
Silken ships, a countless fleet.

Little ships with little treasures
Underneath their shining sails,
Bound for places bare of pleasures,
Borne on breezes, tossed by gales,
Sailing on to flow'rless dales.

Each a little pilgrim bearing
For the flowers, ev'ry one,
Send their seedling children faring,
Just as soon as they are grown,
Into countries of their own.

Flow'rless dales and barren places,
Where the little pilgrims grow,
Soon are filled with many graces;
Woods where bands of songsters go,
Flow'rs whose sweets the wild bees know.

WINTER'S MUSIC

OLD Winter's a musician,
His music's bold and shrill;
He pipes across the moorland,
He sings on every hill.

He carols down the chimney;
He chants in forest dim,
And whatsoe'er he breathes on
Grows musical for him.

He makes a drum of windows,
A flute of every tree;
An organ of the woodland,
And harps of ships at sea.

WIND OF EVENING

"WIND of evening, where are you going,
Winds a-breathing sweetly and low?"
Over the nest of birds in the hollows;
Over chimneys, soothing wee swallows;
O'er the land of slumber we go.

"Wind of evening, whence are you blowing,
Winds a-breathing softly as pray'r?"
From drowsy red flow'rs of dim twilight meadows,
From gray lands where Sleep, from the shadows,
Sends us murmuring ev'rywhere.

THE SQUIRREL

A COAT of fur all silver gray,
A store of nuts so mellow;
The dappled woodlands for my play,
And when I'm tired at close of day,
The maple's cozy hollow.

The Springtime brings me lovely flow'rs,
The leaves of Summer shade me;
Thro' days of blue and golden hours
I hear sweet music poured in show'rs
From all the trees about me.

Was ever life so filled with good,
Or days so fair and rosy?
Was ever such delicious food
As Autumn nuts, or any wood
So beautiful and cozy?

THE BODY-GUARD

WHEN the streets are growing dim,
To my camp I go;
There my soldiers, bright and trim,
Wait me in a row.

Four large cannon guard the door,
Cavalry the bed;
Infantry upon the floor
Watch till night is sped.

Ever wakeful, brave, and wise,
Heroes ev'ry one,
All the day they guard my toys,
Till my school is done.

ON A SNOWY DAY

FALLING, falling
Fast the snowflakes fall
On the house-tops, on the seas,
On the ponds and all the trees,
Whirling, whirling
Round the steeple tall.

Squirrels peeping
From the hollow trees,
Sable coated, safe from harm,
Feel the snugger for the storm
Sweeping, sweeping
Over lonesome leas.

Firelight playing
Through the cosy room,
Makes our books and toys and things
Dearer when the cold wind sings,
Straying, straying
Out there in the gloom.

Thoughts of wand'ring
Through the wind and snows
Makes our bed so nice and warm
When the chilly, sad-voiced storm,
Moaning, moaning
Past the chimney goes.

THE HURDY-GURDY MAN

OUT in the sunshine, free as the breezes,
Playing sweet music wherever he goes;
Making his monkey act, when he pleases,
All the fine tricks that the funny chap knows.

Gay as a gipsy, ev'rywhere straying,
Welcome as Christmas in village and town;
Loved for his monkey, loved for his playing,
Getting more pennies than we'll ever own.

When school is over, I'll travel yonder,
'Way in the land where the trick monkeys play;
Then thro' the world with music I'll wander,
Watching my monkey do tricks ev'ry day.

THE ELEPHANT

THE elephant's a traveler from far across the seas;
He travels round with circuses and big menageries,

And so he has a roomy trunk to take wher-e'er he goes,
He gets so many presents for the funny tricks he does.

SONG TO VENUS

O STAR, that climbs the western sky
At twilight ev'ry day,
When dollie goes to sleep and I
Must put my toys away.

I've heard your skies are always blue
And each day lasts a year —
Oh, how I wish I lived on you
Instead of living here.

JOYFUL DAYS

WHEN the Winter's over, and winds of Summer blow;
In the sunlight glancing,
The meadow folk are dancing,
And golden-headed maids are nodding in a row.

Sturdy little ladies are blushing red and white,
While in woodland places
Are tender azure faces
That see the trees above a-twinkling with delight.

Laughing waters, dancing along the mountain ways,
Ev'rywhere are saying,
"The time is come for playing,
O little people all, enjoy the holidays."

TOPSY-TURVY

ACROSS the purpling hilltops and beyond the sunset skies
The little Chinese children are just about to rise.
While here my mama tucks me in and kisses me good-night,
Their almond eyes are op'ning wide in morning's golden light.

The world is topsy-turvy, and those funny children go
With fields and hills above them and the heavens down below.
I'm sure they'd all fall off the earth, but then, as you can see,
Their silken pig-tails hold them up like monkeys on a tree.

A DREAM

A DREAM'S a very funny thing;
He hides beneath the bed,
And just as soon as we're asleep
He steals into our head.

He has a magic picture lamp,
He lights up all our brain,
And many things we've quite forgot
He shows to us again.

And other things not quite so good
He shows us when we lie
On Christmas night when we have had
Too much of Christmas pie.

THE WOODPECKER

THERE'S someone tapping on the maple tree,
Tap, tipy-tap, tap, tap;
But there's no one about that I can see,
Save a lark who is singing a song of glee
On a sunlit bough, and it isn't he
Who is tapping away so steadily,
Tap, tipy-tap, tap, tap.

There's someone coming down the maple tree,
Tap, tipy-tap, tap, tap;
And he's hopping about so busily,
In a cap quite as red as a barberry,
And a coat as green as a Summer lea,
And he's singing a laughing melody,
Tap, tipy-tap, tap, tap.

There's someone going up the maple tree,
Tap, tipy-tap, tap, tap;
He's as gay as a prince or a lord, but he
Hasn't time to go round showing off, you see,
For he stays in the woods working lovingly
At a snug little home for his family,
Tap, tipy-tap, tap, tap.

THE YOUNG JASONS

FAIR winds blowing;
It's time that we were going
On our vessel stout and fleet;
Hoist the flag and loose the sheet!

Tom's commander,
Across the pond he sends her
Toward the treasure land that lies
Out of sight of mother's eyes.

Heroes dashing,
Thro' the surf we're splashing,
Scaring all the geese and ducks
By the fierceness of our looks.

Sailors fearless,
We search a treasure peerless,
Sister's lamb among the trees,
For it bears the golden fleece.

Home returning,
With hero's courage burning —
Pull the old barn-door ashore,
Soon we'll walk its deck once more.

A FRIEND IN NEED

ONCE upon a time
In a Summer wood,
Busy bands of ants were working,
Storing winter food.

One wee baby ant
Stole away to play,
Tho' her wiser little sisters
Cautioned her to stay.

Thro' the woods of grass
By the flow'ry coast,
'Round wee lakes of dew she wandered
Until she was lost.

One by one the birds
Hushed their cheery songs,
Sunbeams danced away and shadows
Came in purple throngs.

Just as darkness made
All the woodlands drear,
Thro' the trees a golden lantern
Twinkled bright and clear.

'Twas a fire-fly bright,
Like a star he shone;
In the grass he saw the wand'rer
Crying all alone.

"Come, dear baby ant,
I will go before;
Light the darkness with my lantern,
Bring you to your door."

Safe he led her home
Thro' the grassy wood.
"Thank you," said the ant; "hereafter
I'll be very good."

THE HERD BOY'S SONG

MY home's the birthplace of the floods;
The mighty streams that sea-ward flow
Thro' distant fields and far-off woods;
With me are children of the snow,
And Fall with tender singing.

All day I wander 'mong the rocks
That rise near heaven, and guard my sheep,
And find green pastures for my flocks,
And guide the little lambs to sleep
When night its shade is bringing.

When vales and lowlands lie in night,
And village folks are still in bed,
The sun is throwing rosy light
About me on the mountain head,
And clear my horn is ringing.

HAILSTONES

HIGH in heaven, a mighty army
Without number, shooting down
Such a storm of tiny bullets,
Striking hill and field and town.
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, tap, tap, tap,
Tap, tap, tap, pit-a-pat, tap, tap, tap.

They assail each icy prison
Where a flow'r in darkness lies,
Walls of clay are crack'd and crumbled;
All the flow'rs in freedom rise.
Pit-a-pat, etc.

Such a good and kindly army,
Soldiers of the lovely Spring,
Filling all the world with gladness,
Bringing joy to ev'rything.
Pit-a-pat, etc.

THE DAIRY MAIDS

EVENING light on the pasture land,
Twinkling, twinkling;
Down we go with our pails in hand,
Mary, Molly and I.

Cowbells ringing a sleepy chime,
Tinkling, tinkling;
While we call o'er the meadow thyme,
Mary, Molly and I.

Sweet and warm is the milk we take
Every morning;
When the children begin to wake,
Mary, Molly and I.

Making butter's the best of fun,
Churning, churning;
Oh! we're sorry when Summer's done,
Mary, Molly and I.

MOTHER'S PRAYER

COME to mother's lap, my dear,
Come and rest there peacefully;
Sleep, my baby, free from fear,
Mother's love is guarding thee.

As you sleep, dear, mother prays
That your feet, in later hours,
May be led thro' purest ways,
Rich in peace and fairest flow'rs.

When her baby comes and lays
Tired head on mother's breast,
Mother prays that manhood's days
May be just as sweet and blest.

SHEEP AND SHEPHERD

THE waves come out of the Far away,
A host of waves that cry and leap
And run together at their play
All thro' the blue and gusty day,
Like flocks of happy April sheep.

On sun-drows'd days when the world's so still
The field mouse is afraid to sleep,
The grass grows all at once athrill,
Then comes a Piper down the hill,
And soon the sea is white with sheep!

Like countless flocks, all wooly and gray,
Of frisky lambs too long confined,
They leap for joy when clear and gay
Their playmate whistles o'er the bay, —
The unseen shepherd of the wind.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

DING, dong! Dong, ding!
Silver sweet the bells all ring;
Dong, ding! Ding, dong!
Pealing forth their praiseful song.

Klang, klong! Klong, kling!
"Christmas morning's here," they sing:
Kling, klong! Kling, klong!
Silver voices sweet and strong.

Klong, klong! Klang, kling!
Let all men their praises bring:
Sing! Sing! Kling, klang!
As the hosts of angels sang.

Ding, dong! Dong, ding!
Peace on earth to everything, —
Kling, klang! Klong, kling!
In our hearts may Love be King.

SUMMER SHOWERS

PITTER–PATTER, pitter-patter,
With a gentle noise and clatter,
Like a fairy army coming
Down the hills with drowsy humming
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
To the valley drawing nearer,
When the patient, thirsty flowers
Long to feel the silver showers
All about them pitter-patter.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Now the rain-drops round us clatter;
Now the earth no joy is lacking,
Frogs are croaking, ducklings quacking,
In the welcome pitter-patter.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter —
Was there ever king or leader
Led an army of such powers
As these gentle Summer showers,
Blessing with their pitter-patter!

WHEN MOTHER KISSES ME GOOD–NIGHT

WHEN mother kisses me good-night
And takes away the candlelight,
The dark that hides outside I guess
Fills all the room with emptiness.

But safely tucked away in bed,
Beneath the clothes I put my head,
And then I'm safe as I can be
And not a thing can trouble me.

Sometimes I play my bed's a den,
While hid from cold and traps and men
A baby bear lies snug and warm,
While outside all is night and storm.

And sometimes it's a boat that lies
At anchor under foreign skies,
Within a coral sheltered cove
Near some old pirate's treasure trove.

Beyond the reef the waves are wild,
The wind screams like a frightened child,
While I lie in my cabin snug
As pussy on the kitchen rug.

And sometimes it's a shanty where
Outside the panther and the bear
Go prowling thro' the rainy night,
While inside all is fire and light.

And often it's a boat that flies,
While far below, with cruel eyes,
A dragon guards a witch's door
And giants prowl along the shore.

There's not a thing can catch my boat —
And Oh! it's great to soar and float
And fly and drift and sink away
Until my eyes are filled with day!

A SPRING SONG

NOW happiness is in the air,
And joy is in the blood,
And gladness rises everywhere
From valley and from wood.

The swallows come from distant lands
Across the dying snow;
The bees among the willow-wands
With droning music go.

Now spring is in the birdling's throats,
And from the fields and trees
There gushes forth a stream of notes
In joyous melodies.

THE LEAF

THE lonesomest thing in the whole wide world
Is the little leaf that is tossed and whirled
Down the long dark street in the shiv'ry storm.

I listen and hear the wind's wild shout,
I think how the leaf is blown about,
And I wish it was snug and warm.

I wonder if little leaves can be
Afraid of the lonesome dark like me,
And long for the kindly snow.

For the little leaf when the snow falls down
Lies safe from the winds that drive it roun',
No matter how hard they blow.

WISHES

OH, how I wish I were a bee
And not just poor little me!
I'd wander over all the lands,
Across the farms and fields and rocks,
In velvet frocks with golden bands,
And over ponds and hollyhocks.

A happy buzzer, just as free
As any one could wish to be,
I'd swing on breezes far above
The garden swing that baby rocks, —
With butterflies to play and rove
And every flower a candy box!

I cannot leave a doll or toy
Around, because I know a boy
That's sure to make my dolly sick,
To scratch her face or tear her clothes,
Or some such other careless trick
That careless little brother knows.

And so a girl can never be
One half so happy as a bee —
For when the bees stay in their hives
The careful flowers, in summer's rain,
Fold in their sweets, like little wives,
Until the bees come 'round again.

MY GIRLS

OF all the pretty little girls
I'm sure there's none can be
So pretty as my little girls,
Nor quite as mannerly;
Their eyes are blue as ponds in June,
Their hair like seaside sands,
And they have faces like the moon,
And dainty little hands.

They never speak when others talk,
They never soil a gown,
And when I take them for a walk
They act just like they're grown.
I'm sure they study every day,
They look so very wise,
And have a very earnest way
Of staring with their eyes.

I'm sure my girls are very good,
For mama once did say
She wished my little brother would
Be like them just a day —
For they're so good, you see, they'd lie
In bed a year or two
And never move or open eye
Unless I told them to.

DISCIPLINE

THE rain is falling on the flowers,
It seems to beat their petals down;
And on the fields thro' dreary hours
The leaden-fronted heavens frown.

But every drop's a kiss, my dear,
Replete with joy and kindliness,
And every frown the heavens wear
Hides more of love than you may guess.

MOLLY MOO

SWEET new grass and juicy clover,
Fresh wide fields to saunter over,
Cooling brooks that murmur thro',
Meadow-sweet and iris blue;
Moo-moo, Molly Moo,
That's the world of Molly Moo,
Molly, Molly Moo.

THE MOON

WHEN the moon grows smiley, round and fat,
And fades the stars, I don't like that;
It's when she's like a slender maid,
A little white-gown'd girl who's strayed
Away and away from her home in the west,
It's then that I love the dear moon best.

MEADOW-SWEET

THE meadow-sweet is dancing,
The grass is dancing too;
O Children, let us dance with them
While skies are clear and blue.

THE BOB-SLED

FAST as the shade of a wind-driven cloud
We flash down the hillside, a rosy-cheek'd crowd;
The white earth leaps backward, the woods reel and dance,
And whizz! we have skimmed thro' a mile in a glance!

Oh! the Summer-time's pleasant, but give me instead
The white hills of Winter with boys on a sled;
With boys on a "bob," and their laughter and fun,
And the wood-fire at home when our sledding is done!

APRIL

APRIL'S just a little child
Very badly spoiled;
Nearly every day she cries
Till her pretty gowns are soiled;
And tho' nature sometimes dries
All her tears of pearly rain,
Coaxing her to laugh and smile,
April's sunny just a while,
Then the tears come to her eyes,
And she cries and cries again.

Maybe, tho', that April cries
Just for happiness,
For a little girl whose eyes
Find each day a brand-new dress
Green and blue as sunny skies,
Trimmed with violet and white,
Figured with young apple buds
And the flowers of waking woods,
Must be taken by surprise
And just weeps from pure delight.

TING–A–LING–A–LING

TING–A–LING–A–LING,
The bells are ringing,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
A silver song;
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Like swallows winging,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
We glide along.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Past meadows lying,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Like moonlit pearls;
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
The sleigh is flying,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
With happy boys and girls.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
When folks are sleeping,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For girls and boys,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
A sleigh is sweeping,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
With Christmas joys.

THE KITE

WHAT wondrous sights a kite must see
As it goes sailing thro' the sky!
It sometimes dances merrily
And starts as if it would be free
To visit some fair land which lies
Beyond the sight of children's eyes.

And often on a Summer's day,
When on the earth the winds are still,
As babes that fall asleep at play
It flutters far above the hill,
A wingless bird, a paper sprite,
And darts and dances with delight.

I wish my kite could tell me tales
About the wonders that it sees,
Of ocean with its snowy sails,
Of towns beyond the pasture trees,
With busy men and shops and toys,
And circuses and other joys.

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